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LITTLE NUGGET,

OR

GRINDER'S KID

A THREE ACT COMEDY,

Written by

HORACE DUMARS.

CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA.

Barney O'Bradey, an Irish schoolmaster ; Old Grinder, a villain ;
Bangs, an outcast ; Dick ; a colored tourist , Jakey Kumpfer,
Tom Walker, Bud Graham, Little Tad ; and Alphonso
Higgins, village boys ; Little Nugget, a
mystery ; Pet Damon and Min-
nie Mason, schoolgirls.

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.
1885.



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GRINDER'S KID,

Or The Pirates of Goosecreek.

BY HORACE DUMARS.

CHARACTERS

Barney O'Brady, an Irish Schoolmaster; Old Grinder, a Miser and Villain; Bangs, a Tramp; Dick, a Colored Vagrant; Jakey Kumphier, a Dutch Boy; Tom Walker, Bud Thompson, Alphonse Higgins, Little Tad, School Boys; Pet Damon, Minnie Mason, School Girls; Nug, "Grinder's Kid," a Little Maid of All Work.

ACT FIRST.

Interior of country school; O'Brady at desk; Tom, Bud, Alph., Jakey, Tad, Pet, Minnie and other scholars in seats. Chorus.

O'Brad. Ye may well sing of the excellence of O'Brady's Model School, for where in the great State of Connecticut can ye find another like it? Where else can such discipline and education be found walking hard in hand, as it were? Has in not alwas been my endeavor to raise—Tom Walker what are you blowing beans at Tad Damon for?—but as I was about to remark, haven't I elevated—Bud Thompson! will you keep quiet now—and as I was saying, prepared you to face [enters Grinder] the divel!

Grinder. Mr. O'Brady, I insist upon the prompt punishment of one of your unruly brats, yes sir! I repeat it sir brats! You don't lick them half enough.

O'Brad. That's a point upon which yourself and a majority of those present could hardly agree.

Grind. But sir! I've been insulted! I've been humiliated, and sir, I demand satisfaction sir, and also the punishment of that young scoundrel, Tom Walker.

O'B. Well sir, state your grievance and you'll find the discipline of O'Brady's school equal to any emergency.

Grind. Can you look at an eye like mine and then ask me to state my grievance? I tell you sir, I've a bad eye!

O'B. Indade sur, you have a very bad eye. I've noticed it often, in fact it's one of the meanest eyes I ever saw. [aside.]

I'd like to fix up the other one for the ould villain, for firing me out of the house every time I call on Miss Nug, his romantic lit-
tle maid of all work, who is vulgarly called Grinder's Kid.
[aloud.] But, Mr. Grinder, I believe you spoke of an insult.

Grind. Insult! I should say insult! [Points to his eye.]
Would you call that an insult?

Tad. - I should call that a black eye, I should!

O'B. Right ye are, my boy! That eye might properly come
under the head of polished optics or variegated gazers, but could
hardly be defined as an insult.

Grind. Bah, sir! I din't come here to be made sport of. I
demand justice.

O'B. Oh, it's justice ye'r after, is it? By me sowl, if justice
were done the Divel would a'had ye long ago. [Scratches his
head in meditation. Starts suddenly. Aside.] I have it! Here's
an illigant opportunity to try me knowledge uv the law. [Ad-
dressing Grinder.] Ye shall have yer deserts if the jury has to
hang for it.

Grind. Jury, What jury? I don't want any jury, I came here
to have Tow Walker well thrashed.

O'B. But what's to become of the law?

Grind. Hang the law!

O'B. We'll be more apt to hang you. Now we'll proceed
with the case and empannel the jury. Here now, six of ye bys
sit on this case and give an unbiased verdict for the defendant.
If Judge ----- [put in local hit.] could only see how I do it.
[Six boys, including Tom Walker go forward.]

Grind. This frace has gone far enough. What do you know
about law, you ignorant Irishman?

O'B. Ignorant, is it ye are calling me? By the powers, ye'll
soon foin out who's ignorant, and as to my knowledge of law,
why it was never questioned before. Now Mr. Grinder, ye see
this is a peculiar case and to use the Latin, is an *alabi, alabino,*
alabunco, and must be tried by a jury of your peers. Gen-
tlemen of the jury, have ye formed an opinion in this case.
Jury. We have.

O'B. Then we're ready to proceed with the case and try ye,
Mr. Grinder.

Grind. Try me? Why Tom Walker is the one to be punished.

O'B. Is that so? Well don't be too sure on that point.
The law is a very uncertain instrument; its like Paddy Dority's
old blunderbus which, after being loaded is as liable to shoot
from one end as the other. But if you'r not to be the defendant,
who is?

Grinder. Why Tom Walker, of course.

O'B. Get out wid ye! Don't ye see that he's already on the jury and to remove him without cause would not only be an insult to our great jury system, but also a delaying and a hinderin' of the law, but for the sake of keepin' peace in court, we'll let the boy step out of the jury box and take his place in the prisoner's stand, he'll be less liable to temptation there. [Addressing Minnie.] As we are somewhat short of intelligent jurors, you'll please take you place in the jury box, Minnie Mason.

Tad. I don't think it's fair to put a girl on the jury, cause she won't fight for our country like we men do.

O'B. Tut, tut, my boy! You'r speaking of a veteran of the Broom Brigade, and besides she can swear that she'll think like a men. Minnie Mason, Esq., stand up and take the oath.

Minnie. If you please sir, I'd rather not, for I don't know how to cuss; let "Cheesey" Kumphar swear for me. My ma says he's better at profanity than anything else.

O'B. The court is perfectly satisfied as to Kumphar's ability in that line, but as it doesn't exactly fit the present case you'll oblige us by taking the oath. It will come perfectly natural to you if ye'll but make the attempt.

Min. But it's not nice for little girls to swear.

O'B. Don't be talking like that. Haven't I made a man of ye by putting ye on the jury, and what's the use of being a man is ye can't swear like other gentlemen?

Min. It's just too awful wicked, but if I must say it, why d—dar—darn it—

O'B. You can omit the balance of the oath.

Grind. I presume I must put up with this nonsense; but you, blockhead, will dearly pay for these insults.

O'B. [Addressing the jury.] Do you hear him calling this honorable court a blockhead? I fine the old rascal ten dollars and appoint Jakey Kumphar court bouncer to take the amount out of the old spalpeen's hide if not paid within an hour. [Jake puts on boxing gloves, arranges his belt; Grinder tries to get away.] Hold on a bit, Jakey! we want enough of him left to hold a trial over, and his whole carcass isn't worth the fine. [Addressing Grinder.] Now ye old reprobate, you'll take the oath as I pronounce it. You do solemnly swear to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, to the best of your ability, and that you will quit lying, prevaricating and deceiving while in the presence of this court; and that you won't stretch nor warp the truth, so help ye, honest injun. Kiss the book. [Hands a geography to Grinder to kiss.]



Bad. It won't do no good to have him kiss that geography!

O'B. True for ye my by! It might give him too much latitude and cause him to wander in his speech. Has ere a one of you got a Bible? [No answer.]

Tad. If you hasn't got no Bible or good book, I'll lend you some Sunday school cards to swear him on.

O'B. [Addressing Grinder.] You'll excuse our limited facilities for turning out law, but when we become more firmly established, we intend to have the court fitted up with all the modern appliances. Now, as we have no Bible, you'll oblige the court by kissing the cards, the most religious thing in its possession. [O'Brady offers tickets to Grinder, who motions them away.] Don't be afraid of a little religion, it's in such small doses it can't hurt ye. [Addressing Kumphier.] Jakey, see that he takes the oath. [Kumphier takes Grinder by the collar.]

Jake. Id's bedder onf you don't vool mit dis court, Mr. Grinder. [Grinder kisses tickets and puts them in his pocket.]

Tad. Old Grinder's stealing my Sunday school tickets, and I bet he wants to use them to get a reward of merit.

O'B. The court orders that the aforesaid certificates of good character be returned to their rightful owner, and if its order is not immediately complied with, Jacob Kumphier will issue a mandamus under the ould blood sucker's jaw.

Grind. But sir—

O'B. Shut up! Don't spake until the court orders ye to do so. Ye must think yere before Judge——. [Grinder throws tickets on floor; Tad picks them up.] Let the first witness be called.

Jake. Oyez! Oyez! Old Grinder, old Skinfint, Old Toothpick, come in der court! Come in der court! Come in der court, right away quick!

Grind. What's all this racket about? Havn't you eyes, and can't you see that I'm here?

O'B. Let the prisoner—I mean the witness take the stand. [Shakes his fist at Grinder.] Now ye owld prevaricator tell what little truth ye know, and I'm sure that won't take long.

Grind. Well, it was in this way.

O'B. Commence again and say "yer honor" when addressing this court. [Grinder hesitates; Jakey shakes his fist in a threatening manner.]

Grind. Your h-h-oner, as I was passing along the street this morning I was met by that young imp, Tom Walker. He gave

me some impudence and I reasoned with him, upon the sinfulness of such conduct, whereupon he hit me in the eye with a rock and made his escape. The young rascal ought to be whipped to death, and he'll find it sorry work before I'm through with him.

Tom. It's a lie!

O'B. Softly, my boy, or ye'll be overstepping the discipline of the court. [Oh, but isn't it an illigant eye that he put on the ould matchsafe. Sure I like to be that by's father. [Aloud.] Thomas Walker will take the witness stand. [Jakey escorts Grinder to seat.]

Tom. I did put an eye on Old Grinder, and if he's ever mean to Pet Damon again, I'll give him another. That's the kind of a huckleberry I am! When I get big I'm goin to turn pirate and capture him and cut off his ears.

O'B. Oh, the young villain! [Aside.] I'd almost give my own ears to see him get hold of Old Grinder's lugs. [Aloud.] Go on and tell the jury how you polished Grinder up so nately.

Tom. [Embarrassed.] Well, you know, Pet and I are sweet-hearts, and she's an orphan and hasn't got no one but me to stand up for her. After swindling her father out of all his property, which drove him to his grave, Old Grinder took Pet to live with him, so that people wouldn't suspect him of any wrong, and now he whips and ill-treats her in every way; and this morning when we met, she was crying and showed a great welt on her shoulder made by that heartless old wretch. When I saw that ugly red mark on her beautiful white flesh I couldn't help getting mad, and so, after Pet passed on I just laid for Grinder. He soon came along and I tried awful hard to treat him respectfully for her sake, and didn't do nothing but tell him I'd put a head on him if he ever again raised a hand to Pet. With this he knocked me down with his walking stick, and like a coward commenced to run away. I was awful mad and just hit him with a rock as he stopped and looked around when he thought himself at a safe distance, and if ever he harms her again I'll give him another. Grind. It's a lie! Any one will tell you that I always treat

Pet like a—

Tad. A dog!

Grind. Like a daughter, and since her poor father's death I have always been kind and gentle to the little orphan. [Puts handkerchief to his eyes. [Shakes his fist at Pet.] She will tell you so.

O'B. Pet Damon will take the stand. Now, my darlint don't be afraid to spake out.

Pet. He will beat me if I say anything against him. [Pet takes the stand reluctantly. Grinder again threatens.]

Tad. Old Grinder is trying to frighten my sister, and I won't stand it. [Goes up to pet and puts his arm around her.] If he does anything to you I'll fix him.

O'B. Go on my darlint, and if Grinder ill-treats you for what you say, this court will take personal cognizance of the matter and to use an appropriate latin *expression* will *puncho* his *cran*. *finno*.

Pet. Since my poor papa became a bankrupt and died, I have been living with his former partner, Mr. Grinder, but oh! my present life is so different from that in my dear old home, that it makes me weep to think of the change, and when he finds me crying he becomes angry and beats me, and says the neighbors will not think he is kind to me if my eyes are red. I try ever so hard to be good and not shed tears, but at times my feelings will overcome me and I cannot help weeping. [Looks about in frightened manner.] But oh sir, I am afraid to say more.

O'B. Come over and lean on the court and it will protect ye.

[Pet goes over and leans on O'B.]

Pet. when I went to Mr. Grinder's I had a great many valuable articles which had been given me and which I prized very highly, most of them being from my dead parents. Mr. Grinder took all of these away from me and sold them, as he said, to buy my clothes; but oh sir! I had everything I now possess before I went to live with him.

O'B. The unnatural ould villain!

Pet. Brother Tad was adopted by a kind hearted family soon after papa's death, and though I want him to come and see me often, Mr. Grinder will not allow him about she house nor permit me to go to him.

Tad. But I guess I do get to see her! Oh I'm a smart one, I *will*.

Grind. This mockery has gone far enough! Open the door, I say, and let me out. [Aside.] These telltale children will be the ruin of me. [Tries to escape; Jakey catches him.]

Now you sid down, er J dakes dem den dollars out mit your *hilde*.

O'B. The court cannot sustain ~~grinder's~~ *grinder's* motion to adjourn, as ~~it~~ *it* is its hands full. [Right arm around Pet. holds her hand in his left.] Go on my dear, the court is decidedly in your favor.

Pet. This morning a letter came for me, so Miss Nug said, which made Mr. Grinder furious, and for some reason he would

not give it to me. When I had finished my work and was starting to school he met me at the gate and told me that to-morrow he would be done with me and that I would find myself in the almshouse. I could not help crying and then he beat and pushed me into the street, saying that after to-day he would be rid of an ungrateful little pauper. Tom met me soon after, and I told him all, for he has always been such a good friend to me. [Turning to O'B. and then to Grinder.] But oh, sir! Please punish me and let Tom go. I am to blame for all of it. He did it for my sake, indeed he did! [Lays her head on O'B.'s shoulder and weeps.]

Jake. If you please I want to go on dot stand und tele some-dings too. [Aside.] I make dot ole man smell a nice!

Grind. I object to that Dutch lubber's testifying.

Jake. How you know I vas Dutch? Nearly every body takes me for American, 'cause I dalks such goot United States.

O'B. The ambassador from Germany will take the stand! [Jakey pulls his own hair and slaps himself.] What in the world is the matter with the lad? Has he been bitten by a mad dog or simply gone crazy?

Jake. No, I don't bite myself mit a mad dog und I don't vas gone crazy.

O'B. Well then, will ye please explain to the court what all these gymnastics are about?

Jake. I vas just drying to get myself madt.

O'B. And what do yez want to get angry for?

Jake. 'Cause I can swear bedder ven I vas madt! I vish mine liddle brudder vas here to throw mud at me. Den you'd hear some cussing.

O'B. We'll omit your profanity on this occasion, but mind that ye don't let me catch ye in any lies.

Jake. Der court vas acquainted mit mine fadder, und mine mudder, und mit dot dog Sandy, of ours?

O'B. Never mind yer family, but proceed with the evidence.

Jake. Dot ish vot I do! Mine fadder he keeps a tavern, und most all der times ve don't got some boarders but dot dog Sandy, und he never pay his board bill; but Sandy und I vas goot friends und ve sleeps us mit each udder, und I get him all over mit fleas so bad I scratch myself every time I dinks about it.

O'B. Go on, Go on!

Jake. Vell, this morning I vas tying a tin can to Sand's tail, ven Old Grinder he comes our house by, und dropped a loddur out mit his pocket, und I picked it up. I tried me to read it,

und mine fadder he tried to read it und mine mudder she tried to read, but ve wasn't long enough by der coundry, so ve don't can tell vat it say. Den I tells my fadder dot we let Sandy try it, 'cause he vas an old American citizen. Vell, vat you think dot dog do? He just put his nose down by der paper und looked first mit one eye und den mit der udder, und den vags his left ear.

O'B. Well, what does the dog mean when he wags his left ear?

Jake. Ven ve gives him some Limberger cheese und he don't can eat it, he just vags his left ear und dot means to give it to give it to some udder dog.

O'B. And what did yes do when the dog wagged his left ear?

Jake. I just bring it to you, [Hands letter to O'B. and leaves box.]

O'B. (Get out wid yees! Do you take me for the other dog? [Aside.] It is a letter addressed to Pet Damon. [Aloud; addressing himself.] Barney O'Brady, Esq., will you please take the stand? I will, your honor! [Goes into box. Cross questions himself.] Mr. O'Brady, what do you howld in your hand? It's a letter, yer honor. Mr. O'Brady, to whom is the aforesaid document addressed? I have the honor to inform your highness that it's a letter to a little angel, God bless her! who has been abused by a hard-hearted ould villian. Mr. O'Brady, the court desires that ye read the letter to the jury. I'll do it, most gracious judge! [Reads letter.] Pet Damon: If this letter reaches you in safety, do not show it to any but a discreet and trusted friend. Watch all of Old Grunder's movements, and trust in the future and to an innocent party to the plot which robbed your father of his fortune, to speedily restore to you the property which is now claimed by your guardian.

(Grind. Nonsense! No such letter was ever in my possession. [Attempts to snatch letter, but is prevented by O'Brady.]

O'B. The evidence is all in, and the intelligent jury will proceed to give an impartial verdict in favor of the defendant; and if ye disagree, I'll lick every one of ye. Now as I call yer names say what ye have decided upon.

O'B. Alphonse Higgins, how do you stand?

Alph. I went to sleep and don't know nothing about it.

O'B. Jakey Kumphar.

Jake. I dink as ve bedder throw Grunder in der mill pond.

Bad Thompson. I move we tar and feather the ould skindint

Fad. We can't hurt Old Grinder's feelings, so I s'pect we'd better disgust him.

O'B. Now Minnie Mason, Esq., be a man and give yer opinion boldly.

Min. I want Old Grinder to whip me so you'll all pet me and get me to crying like Pet, and then I'll be so happy.

O'B. As the jury is somewhat mixed in its decision, the court will pass sentence to suit itself, but before proceeding to administer justice will give Grinder a chance to let off a few lies or like an overcharged steam boiler, he'll explode. Proceed, ye tarrier, wid what ye have to say.

Grind. The letter you have just read is all a sham, but here is a document which is genuine—yes sir, real! It is an order from the court giving Pet Damon over to the custody of the poor-house keeper, and to-morrow my fine lady will be with the balance of the county paupers.

Pet. [Appealing to Grinder.] Oh! have pity! Save me from such humiliation! I will wear my fingers to the bone to earn a living, if you will only keep me from that horrible place.

O'B. Save ye? that we will my darlint! And now the court will execute the decision it has arrived at; which is, that hanging is too good for the ould reprobate and that a number more brogan is just the thing to fit the occasion. [O'B. beats Grinder and kicks him out: Grinder puts his head in at window; O'B. slips dummy in, pounds it and throws it out of door. Addressing school.] This school—I mean court, has done enough work for one day, and as there is a strong probability that Old Grind-er will return with a constable, this body will not stand upon the order of its going but will take to the woods at once, and for a few days Barney O'Brady, late judge, will be a party who is decidedly hard to locate. [Scholars cheer and romp. Curtain falls.

ACT SECOND.

Scene: Landscape in distance; rocks in wings; clump of rock in left foreground independent of others. Bangs and Dick discovered.

Dick. It ain't no use talking, Mister Bangs! Dis scenery an' dis bracing air may be all very nice, but I don't take no stock in any section of country whar chickens roost so high as they do 'roun' yar. It's just as good as insinuating that a pusson isn't honest, when every little pullet or clumsy ole Shanghai climbs et'ar up de highest roosts; and as for de nat'ral advantages of de country, why, dars nuffin in it. Every house you passes has a big dog a loafin' round and taki'n de food outen de poo' people's mouts. Now as a consequence, what's we got fer dinuah? Why, nuffin dats fit fo' to eat.

Bangs. Dick, my good fellow, your vulgar allusion to victuals has (hic) completely eradicated from my brain a current of most beau(hic)tiful and poetic thought, suggested to my (hic) fancy by this magnificent scenery.

Dick. [Aside.] I should say dat it war suggested to you by the former contents of dat bottle by yo side. If he hadn't coteched me when he did, guess dis niggah would have been the poetical chap and Mr. Bangs would have yearned fo' his inspirashun.

Bangs. Why should mind and matter work together so inharmoniously? Just as my (hic) poetic soul was drinking in these buties of nature, your allusion to (hic) something to eat caused the stomach to rebel against a more lofty (hic) nature, and by force known only to that member, mind is made captive to matter. And now that mind is (hic) captured, what is to satisfy matter?

Dick. Matter and mind will in all probability hab to be satisfied with bread! Bread a la crumble, bread a la mouldy, and bread a la very dry. Our provision train has failed to reach us on time and we is compelled to live on de country; an' de count try an entirely too well supplied wid dogs. If ever I go to Congress I'se gwyn to pass a law to encourage sausage factories and to discourage de promiscuous rasi'n of canines. [Both eat rapidly.]

Bangs. A good wholesome meal, this! None of your (hic) dyspeptic dishes, but the real solid comforts of life. What a Divine gift is (hic) a good appetite—it is the reflex of a clear conscience, a sound body and a contented nature.

Dick. If a clear conscience, and contented nature is de cause



ob my appetite, Ise gwyn to get rid ob dem immediately. Deys may be all verry good in dar places, but when dem good qualities combine to torture one poor, little stomach wid hunger, and Ise in partnership wid de afore mentioned stomach, den I think dey'r no gentlemen and Ise gwyne to spense wid deys company right away.

Bangs. Shall we resume our journey, or take a quiet nap here by the brooklet? [Aside.] I may have other use for my faculties soon besides that demanded by the occupation of tramp, and a little sleep will put me in better condition to cope with a dangerous enemy.

Dick. I hardly think our friends will be looking for us so soon, and as dis coon always 'mires a place when de dewy shades ob eben is afal'n, and poultry not so s'picious, Richard will cast his vote ter stay right whar we is. Say boss, lets air our voices before retiring. [Sing and dance; retire behind rocks to sleep. Enters O'B.]

O'B. Here I am in a peck o' trouble, and all on account uv the law. I got a hold on the law for a short time, and now the law is about to get its clutches on me. That unreasonable Ould Grinder took an appeal from my judgement and now has a constable on my track. Well, Barney, me by, ye'll have to be getting away from Millford, as the atmosphere hereabouts is becoming decidedly unhealthy for ye, and you need rest that ye cannot get wid the officers chasin ye around though the woods an' fields. [Looks at his coat tails, one of which is missing.] It almost makes me poor heart break to think that Grinder's dog should take a tail from my best coat just as I was about to see my sweetheart, the Kid. By mesowl, it was a fine go-as-you-please match? I saw Nug at a distance, the dog saw me, and darlint little Nug saw the dog, but not in time to save me coat tail and spare my laceratad feelings. Well, my only chance to see her is to remain where I am and trust to luck, for between Grinder's dog Bouncer and the constable, me territory for pedestrianism is becoming quite circumscribed. Softly, me by, some one approaches! It may be Nug, or possibly Bouncer, and perhaps the constable. By the powers it's Nug, so the latter individuals may take care of themselves. [Enters Nug who takes seat on rock without seeing O'B.]

Nug. I've a notion to run away and join a circus! Oh my, but wouldn't I surprise every one when I'd come back with a big show, and maybe would be princess that rides the elephant. then when the circs had commenced and Tom and Tad an' all

the boys were a settin' on the top seats, wouldn't they be up-set to hear the ring master say "Now we'll have Mille Nugget, the greatest bareback rider on any continent." Then the clown'll will sing out "Now my little bunch of sweetness, what can I do for you?" Then I'll say, bring on the balloons and let the music play. Then the little Dutch fellow will puff himself up and go pom! pom! pom! and with a crash the band will commence playing and then I'll go dashing around the ring and all the boys will be in love with me and Mr. O'Brady will say— [During the above description Nug goes through the performance and imitates the music of the band. O'B. does pantomime clown work without being seen by Nug.]

O'B. I'm overjoyed to see you! Yer circus is very fine but I regret that pressing business will not permit me to remain for the select minstrel performance which always follows every exhibition in the arena.

Nug. Oh, Mr. O'Brady! I didn't know you was at the circus, how did you get in; and why do you want to get out? I was havin' such a nice time and the boy was just goin' to pass red lemonade and peanuts 'round through the audience, and you spoiled it all. I didn't even get a peanut hull, but the I'm not mad, 'deed I'm not!

O'B. Nug, me darlint! my health requires that I should travel, and I may have to start at a moment's notice, especially if the constable happens along this way. Now when I bid ye an affectionate farewell ye'll oblige me by not crying, won't ye?

Nug. Y-e-s? [Is about to weep.]

O'B. Nor ye won't blubber?

Nug. N-u-b-o-o-o-ooo!

O'B. Nug, did ye ever experience the ecstatic bliss of regard-ing some one with more than usual affection and knowing that the feeling is reciprocated?

Nug. I guess I don't know what you'r talking about, but I like to hear you even though I can't understand it. Its awful nice, and is just like preachin'.

O'B. How ould do you think a girl should be before she has a lover?

Nug. I guess about twelve.

O'B. And how ould do you think ye are?

Nug. I don't know, 'cause I was picked up in the city, so Mr. Grunder says, and there's no record of my birth nor who I am, but I know I'm more'n twelve.

O'B. How do you arrive at that conclusion?

Nug. 'Cause I guess I'm in love just a little bit.

O'B. [Aside.] Upon my soul but she's a sharp one, and just trying her on another question. [Addressing Nug.] And would should a person be for a girl to fall in love with?

Nug. [Embarrassed.] Oh, how should I know? I'd guess

about forty.

O'B. Go away wid you! Would ye be a fallin' in love wid yer grandfather? [Aside.] I'll try her again. Nuggy, my darlint,

and how could do ye think I am?

Nug. About old enough for a grandfather; about forty.

O'B. Oh, but ye a sly little one, and even if ye have got a young one that was borrowed from a young goat I'll always be my own darlint Barney. But how did you come to take a fancy

to me?

Nug. 'Cause I thought you wanted me to, and no one else cares for me. Why ever since I can remember, every one but you and Ned have been cross and mean to me and call me Grinder's new beer; they know that is not my name; and I never did any thing to deserve such treatment. I guess they're ugly to me because I was picked up from the street by old Grinder, and no one knows who my parents are; but they'll be surprised some day when they find out who I am.

O'B. [Aside.] She's evidently referring to the time when we expects to be Mistress O'Brady.

Nug. And when I'm a fine lady and live in a castle—

O'B. Wid but one room!

Nug. And wear fine diamonds.

O'B. Out of a prize candy box!

Nug. They'll be sorry they were ever mean to a poor little disgraced princess.

O'B. Oh! It's a princess ye are, is it? [Nug takes O'Brady by the arm and stealthily pulls him across the stage. O'B. badly

frightened.]

Nug. It-u-s-h!

O'B. What is it, Bouncer or the constable?

Nug. It-u-s-h! I had a dream!

O'B. And I a presentiment!

Nug. And it revealed to me that I'm a princess with beautiful blond hair and a strawberry mark on my arm. [Rods up eye and points to a scar above ell bow.] Now look there.

O'B. Sure it's a fine vacuinate ye had, but where's the strawberry mark ye spoke of?

Nug. That's it.

O'B. -But strawberry marks red and that one is green.

Nug. I guess I haven't been a princess long enough for it to get ripe.

O'B. Ye'r notions are decidedly romantic, and it must have been the contents of at least two ten cent novels to have produced such a remarkable dream, but although it requires a great deal of imagination to make that sorrel-top pass for blonde waves, I'll think yer a princess in disguise. [Aside.] Very much disguised. [Aloud.] And now I'll come to the question which I have feared to speak owing to the disparity of our ages, - but as a matter of twenty-five or thirty years makes no difference to you, and as I'm about to leave this section—

Nug. Oh you isn't goin' away to leave your poor little princess be you? Boo hoo hoo—

O'B. You'll oblige me by keeping that foghorn quiet while I fill ye of my intentions. Now lean yer alabaster brow upon my breast and please don't let yer tears soil my shirt front. As I was saying, although I leave thee in sorrow, I shall return for ye

Nug. When?

O'B. Ere the strawberry on yer arm has ripened.

Nug. Oh, isn't this jolly? I could keep my head on your waist for a week and never get tired. It's ever so much nicer than washing dishes for Old Grinder.

O'B. And now a farewell kiss!

Nug. I've a present for you, and they'r awful nice, I sat up all night and built them. How are those for slippers?

O'B. Sure an' they'r beauties, and so nice and roomy, too. I'll just put both feet into one of them.

Nug. Adieu! Adieu!

O'B. Have ye been catchin' cold?

Nug. No-o-o, but I don't know when I shall see my grandfather again. [To Brady kisses and departs.] It's awful lonely since he's gone, and I feel just like crying but young ladies in story books don't do that, their pride won't let them weep. They throw themselves into a large easy chair thus. I guess some one must have taken the springs out of this chair! Then they give a look of despair like this; then they say "he's gone;" and put on more gloom. Boo hoo hoo! I'm the most miserablest young lady in the whole world, I know I am, and it's no use trying not to cry. [Looks around for bundle.] If I don't hurry

back with Old Grinder's clothes he'll make me more miserable than I am now. Why, these are the slippers and my sweetheart has made-a mistake and carried off Grinder's Sunday suit. I wonder if the old man wouldn't take the slippers instead of the other bundle? No, that'll not do, because he must wear something else than slippers, and he's already bargained to sell his other suit to Blind Peter, and he's up at the house now, waitin' for 'em. What will I do! If I go home Grinder will whip me and there's no fun in being a princess and gettin' larpup. [Noise without.] I hear soldiers coming and perhaps they'll take we along with them as a daughter of the regiment, or a cook.

Tom. Halt! my merry men! At this point we are to receive tidings from a tried and trusty messenger. Brave and bloody work awaits you deeds which will vary your metal. If any one is afraid to follow Bloody Tom the Pirate of Goose Creek, let him step forward.

Tad. I don't see much to be afraid of. We've sneaked around all morning and haven't killed no one yet, and when we went to stone Grinder's dog you all ran away and left me to fight him alone.

Tom. What tidings, my good fellow? Hast seen any of our enemies, the stiff necked nobility who trod our liberties under foot?

Jake. Yah, I seed Old Jones der shoemaker. He opposes our liberties, und vont let der boys steal his apples.

All. Down with the tyrant! We thirst for his gore! [Nug rushes forward and kneels.]

Nug. Spare the old man for my sake, and wreak your vengeance if you must, on Grinder. He can better be spared by the community.

Tom. Arise fair maiden, your prayer is granted! But tell, me, whom do I address?

Nug. A princess in disguise.

Tad. Oh, what a gay!

All. What, Grinder's Kid?

Nug. Please do not drive me away from you, for I have lost Mr. Grinder's Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes and he will wallop me for it. I want to be your daughter of the regiment. Please let me go to the wars with you!

Tom. 'Our life is full of danger but if you'll be a good little girl I guess I can take you along with our command. Eh, what say you my men?

Tad. 'Three cheers for our daughter!

All. 'Hip! hip! hurrah!

Dick. 'Dar seems to be some one 'round yar.

Bangs. 'Yes, it looks as if a citizen's reception committee is out to meet us.

Dick. 'I say, boss, who is dey?

Bangs. [Laughing heartily.] 'Kids!

Dick. 'Kids kids.

Tad. 'I say, fellows, where did you drop from, and which way are you tramping?

Dick. 'We isn't tramping! Dat gentleman is Mr Bangs, Esq., chairman of de National Go-as-you-please Society. We met a poor lady back yar in de road, and he said Richard! and I says yes Sah! Den he said Richard, it makes my heart bleed fo' to see dat poor woman walkin' an' we two big healthy fellows up in dis carriage. So we got out and he told her to take his vehicle and de driver would take her to where ever she wished to go, and we'r waitin' for John, the driver, to return.

Tad. 'But I say old fellows, you two chaps wear awful funny clothes for a gentleman and his attendant.

Dick. 'Pray do not wound his sensitive nature! Mr. Bangs is passing through de country organizing clubs to do away with extravagant dressing, and he says it's a great privilege to be permitted to indulge in the luxury of wearin' old garments. I's his first convert and am used as an example.

Bangs. 'Well, boys!

All. [Indignantly.] 'Boys?

Bangs. 'I mean gentlemen, allow me to thank you for the good reception and to ask the object of the demonstration.

Tad. 'We're pirates, we are!

Dick. 'Well I wouldn't have thought it. [to Bangs.] 'Are your valuables safe?

Bangs. 'We throw ourselves on your protection. Oh do not molest our jewelry.

Dick. 'I pray thee spare my diamonds. They were given by my grandfather's grandmother.

Tom. Fear not, my good men, Tom the Pirate never harms the innocent.

Dick. [Aside to Bangs. [Keep it up, boss! No tellin' but that we may strike a chicken coop or a square meal.

Bangs. My brave men, until the arrival of our friends—

Dick. [Aside.] *Où ça va, là ça va.*

Bangs. I should be pleased to be considered as one of you.

Dick. And if your command should be in need of a parson, I should like de pleasure of being yo' spiritual adviser.

Tad. Pirates don't take much stock in prayers do they?

Jake. Bedder ef ve keeb a parson for der looks ef der ding.

Tom. You are both welcome to the hospitalities of the Pirates of Goose Creek, and if you are brave men we may have use for you. Now my good men, rest yourselves for a couple of hours.

Bangs. [Aside.] These kids may serve my purposes and help me in my revenge on the man who caused my downfall. [Aloud.] My good Captain, do not your brave men enjoy their leisure moments more heartily than a peasant?

Tom. Well, no! They'r so given to deeds of blood that it's kind of agin their nature to be merry.

Bangs. Who is the handsome young lady I see? Is she a captive?

Tom. Well I should say not! She's Grinder's Kid and her christian name is Nugget. No one knows who her parents are. She ran away from home this morning and has joined us as our daughter.

Bangs. Come men, let's be merry! Who'll sing a song?

Tad. Let Alphonse sing, 'cause he isn't good for nuffin' else.

Alph. If Kid will help me I will.

Bangs. [Aside.] I'm sure I have at last got on the right trail, but it will not do to reveal my identity until the facts concerning the girl's early history are mine. [To the pirates.] Now to help along the fun let's have a pirate queen.

Tom. But who shall be our queen?

Bangs. Why not let Nug occupy the throne?

Tad. Why, she's only a little kitchen mechanic,

Bangs. Imagine she's a queen in disguise and that the Pirates of Goose Creek have restored her to the throne.

All. Agreed!

Jake. If you please your highness will do der dance.
[Nug. But I hayn't my crown.

Jake. • How vas dat for a grown Now vat ve do next?
Tom. Let's do like the story in this week's issue of the Boy-
Own Blood Cudler says. [Hands paper to Bangs.] You read
and tell us what to do.

Bangs. •The Albino Princess, or the Pirate's Revenge. Chapter
156. "The princess was seated on her throne of gold and
ruby jewels, while from her crown flashed the bright rays of a
hundred large diamonds."

Fat. Now Kid Grind, you just put that bucket on your
head again.

Nug. I guess I have a right to look at the diamonds, haven't I?
Bangs. "Soft peals of music are heard and the Pirate Chief
and his brave followers approach her majesty, and kneeling at
her feet kiss the tips of the Queen's dainty white fingers."

Tom. This is only in fun you know, and none of you will
tell I'm will you!

All. No indeed—honest Injun!

Nug. Oh, isn't this jolly?—only I wish queens were kissed
on the lips like other girls.

Bangs. "The pirates retire, and wonderful magicians and en-
tosties from the royal museum appear to entertain her majesty."

Fat. We haven't got no magicians, so how are we goin' to
give that part of it?

Dick. I'll settle dat pint werry suddenly. [Produces bundle.]
Dat's a complete outfit for a side show [or use dime museum]
in dat collection, and I'll jess tell yo' how I got e'm. De man
who run de show hired me to pray for him and he done got so
good dat he closed up de show and frew dese things out, and so
I fotehoit e'm along. De baboon's clothes just fit me.

Grind. Oh, your having a picnic are you? Well, you see I
came to do my part towards your enjoyment, and in the name
of the law I arrest Tom Walker. Now you'll please not throw
any rocks, for my gun is loaded and might go off.

Tom. Boys, won't none of you help me?

Grind. I'll give you just half a minute to surrender. If you
refuse, you die!

Bangs. Grinder, put down that gun or you'r a dead man!

Give it to the parson! That individual who represents the missing link. Now Captain, what are your wishes for his future?

Tom. Comrads, what shall we do with him?

Dick. I see dat our carriage has arrived, and so de Dutchman an' Mr. Bangs will gibe the honorable gentleman a little exercise in de vehicle and be back in time to close de performance. Ladies and gentleman, de last act of dis great moral royal musician will present to your astonished gaze the wonderful bareback rider Signor Grinder.

Right dis way, Mr. Grinder. What will de gentleman have? He says he will take a drink and some rest. Bring on the balloon and go on with the music.

ACT THREE.

Scene:—Wood. O'Brady in Grinder's clothes, discovered.

O'B. Here am I, sneaking around like a criminal and dodging every person who passes by. An' who'd ever have thought that Professor O'Brady could descend to the wearin' of Ould Grinder's duds, even if they are his Sunday clothes; but as for the difference betwixt the suits, it would take a better man than me to discover it, or to tell which is the meanest looking. Sure the officers would never suspect that in these garments is concealed the very man they'r after. But softly! There's some one coming and the hald of a tree might not be a bad place for me. [O'B. behind tree. Enter Pet.] Well I am not afraid of a constable like that! Hello, It's Pet! I'll just kape quiet and see what she's goin' to do.

Pet. How dreadful it is to be alone in this wild place and to think that through the cruelty of a man I never wronged even by a thought, I am compelled to leave loved ones and seek shelter from those who may not offer the friendship and protection I find in these silent trees. It is said that country girls are beset by many sins in the city and that a stout heart is needed to withstand the temptations of which we in our country homes knew nothing, but I shall trust in the Father to the orphan to guide me in the right pathway. [O'B. makes a noise.] Oh, dear! What was that?

O'B. [Aside.] I have a mind to beconte her protector and let the constable take me if he wishes.

Pet. If Mr. Grinder should find me in this lonely place he might kill me!

O'B. But he won't do that Miss Damon!

Pet. Oh, Mr. Grinder have mercy on me! Please let me go to seek a home in the city and I will never trouble you again. I'll work hard and send you money if you will not place me in the poor house.

O'B. [Aside.] She takes me for that ould scoundrel, but then it's nothing new; clothes frequently make the man. Well, I'll let her think so a little longer. [Aloud.] And where are you going?

Pet. Oh sir, I hardly know! I-I- thought you wished to get rid of me and so am going to the city where I will try and find work.

O'B. But you are not large enough to work; then how are you to get to the city without money?

Pet. I shall walk, and if my little store of food gives out I will trust to Providence to sustain me. Oh please let me go, and I promise never to trouble you more.

O'B. No, miss! Ye can't go alone, but you shall get to the city if Barny O'Brady lives long enough to take ye there.

Pet. Oh, Mr. O'Brady! I thought I was talking to Mr. Grinder.

O'B. Sure I'm not at all flattered at the mistake, but now that we know each other we must talk business and arrange for our journey.

O'B. But, my kind friend, you are not going on my account, are you?

O'B. Well, not entirely! Ye see, the constable wants me to stay here, but as my business would be too confining I have decided not to remain, and as I need exercise have determined to walk. Now as I don't want any body to know of my going, I'll meet ye at the old saw mill and we'll start to-night. Ye can hide in there for an hour or two and then I'll be wid ye.

Pet. You'r as good as a father to me, and I feel so grateful that I want to kiss you. It's perfectly proper to kiss you as a father, is it not?

O'B. It would be all right if I was your grandmother! [Kisses her. Exit Pet.] If the day continues much longer I'll have an extensive family. I was already a grandfather and now I'm a path. Well it's nice to be father and likewise a grandpa. Heh-heh! Here comes stule, I'll again make myself shady.

Nug. Go on Alphonse you'r awful nice. My! but wont folk's open their eyes when we get to the city. It's some fun after all, bein' a princess. How the boys did fool me when I took them for soldiers and wanted to be their daughter, but you give them away, didn't you Alphonse?

Al. Yes! Every body says I'm a giveaway. My sister's young man says I'm a fool 'cause I'm always telling on him and Sis.

Nug. Oh, but didn't Old Grinder slip away from the pirates nicely when they let him down off'n that rail! Say, Alphonse, would you like to ride on that kind of a horse?

Al. No, but I guess it's no worse than makin' a jack of one's self and pullin' a wagon. Is it time to eat again? I'm awful hungry. You'd bet me to lay in provision for the trip, and I did. I went home and I eat, and eat till I nearly bust, but I'm hungry again.

Nug. I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll sing our songs and do show acting. I've got a wardrobe in my trunk that the nigger traded me for a lot of Grinder's honey, and he says that we can strike a circus some where in the state and get big salaries. You wouldn't mind pullin' the wagon until we come to it, would you?

O'B. And so yer still rehearsing for the circus, are you? and I find that idiot eloping wid my sweetheart. Now what have ye to say for yerself?

Nug. He's not going to lope so he's not!

O'B. Well then what is he goin' to do?

Nug. O he's going to walk and pull the wagon.

O'B. And now as yer goin' away may I ask when yer ladyship will return?

Nug. I'll be with you darling, ere the strawberry mark on my arm has ripened!

O'B. Well, ye little divel yer ahead of me once more, but if yer really goin to run away join me at the old saw mill to-night and don't forget to bring the slippers along and to leave that kid and his wagon at home.

Well. I'm done for now! All the tramps and scallawags in the country have banded against me.

Tom. Ah, ha! We have him now!

O'B. I'm a dead man entirely, for that's just the way that cut throats spake when they'r goin' to murder a person.

Tom. Blueskin, seize him!

O'B. Blueskin must have been sawed off several times, or has been shrinking for a long time!

Tad. Silence! Put your hands behind your back.

O'B. I was going to remark—

Tad. Shut up!

O'B. But

Tad. Silence!

O'B. Well, if ye don't want me to spake, why didn't ye say so.

Tom. Now, my merry men, what shall we do with him?

All. Hang him! shoot the villain! etc.

Dick. He's got a fine figure for a coat of tar and feathers.

All. That's what he needs, away hith him!

Dick. We'll take him to yonder tar kettle and give him a an African bath.

Tom. [To Jake.] Oneelung, you remain and hold the fort. Let no one pass or your life will pay for it.

Jake. Vell dis vas more fun as I ever had, only it vas too much like going to der beer garden und staying on der outside of der fence. Halt yourself! Bedder of you make yourself still. Oh, mine gracious! Did you ever saw such a funny looking man!

Tad. I bet OldGrinder won't fool with us any more. Say, old sneaky, if we let yer go will you take a good long walk?
O'B. Grinder, is it yer taking me for? Sure I'm not that odd tarrapin'!

Tad. Well now talk up, and if you'r not Grinder tell us what hairpin you are.

O'B. Professor Barry O'Brady, a dacent Irishman who has struck a heap of hard luck.

Tom. I say, boys, this is too bad! We've ornamented Mr. O'Brady. It's all that nigger's fault and we might have known that pirates and preachers couldn't work together. Spiritual advice and tar kettles were never intended for buccaneers.

Tad. I don't intend to show the white feather even if it was a mistake!

O'B. Now tell me, was it a mistake for sure, and did ye real-intend the decorations for Ould Grinder?

All. Yes indeed, honest Injun!

O'B. Then I'll forgive ye, for Grinder's clothes caught all of the tar, but I hate the idea of havin' to act as a substitute for the oild rascle when he needed the bath so badly himself.

Pick. You did right in baring de burdens of your enemies. Ise glad to see you take to goodness so kindly, and now while de little children sing, de good ole colored preacher will take up de usual collection.

O'B. And is that the nager that poured the tar down my back and stuffed my mouth full of feathers? By the powers he'll not blacken my character with impunity— or tar either, very soon again.

The nager got away from me, and I'm still 'spilin' for a fight. [enters Grinder.] Hello, here's my counterpart, and I'll just take it out on him. Wouldn't we make handsome pictures for a patent medicine almanac—before and after taking. Notice: Don't forget to shake it up well. I'll follow the directions closely. Are ye ready, Mr. Grinder, for yer medicine?

Grind. I'll have you sent up for stealing my Sunday garments.

Bud. I'm going home to get something to eat, so I am!

Tad. I 'spect you'r afraid to stay away from home at night, You'r no pirate!



Bud. Well I guess a pirates's got to eat something!

Tom. All who want to may go home, but here's one that is not going to take the chances on gettin his supper and a good lickin afterwards. Tom Walker is now a pirate and he's going to slick to it and run away to sea. [All but Tad exit.]

Tad. I don't intend going home nuther. I tell you what Tom; we'll sleep in the old saw mill.

Tom. That's just the place, no one ever goes near the old mill. [Exit boys. Grinder enters. Dick slips along behind.]

Grind. So! you'll sleep in the old mill, will you? What a fine sensation to-morrow's papers will have. Well for once in my life the news-boy's shrill cry will be music to my ears as he announces the full particulars of the bursting of the great Mill-ford dam. The old saw mill swept away by the angry waters and two children lost. The cause of the disaster a mystery. Well, stranger things have happened when Grinder willed it!

Dick. Dar goes a bad man and here is his equal, but on dis occasion Richard will keep his eyes on Grinder and maybe he'll be able to atone for some of de chickens dat has been missing when dis coon was in de neighborhood. Ise gwyn to keep my optics right on him. [Exit.]

SCENE SECOND:—Moonlight. Old Mill with approach; river in background. Nug looking around.

Nug. Iv'e done just as Mr. O'Brady told me, and now poor Alphonse's heart is broken, for when I told him to skip home he upbraided me and said he should never trust another woman. I wonder if his supper will console him? [Enters Alphonse in ulster,] Why, Alphonse! What are you here for when I said you must go home?

Al. 'Cause I'm goin' to the city too, and if you don't take me along with you an' the school master I'm goin' to give the whole thing away.

Nug. But you'll starve in the city.

Al. No I wont! I'll hire out for a drummer and board at the best hotel like my pa does. He a bummer—I mean a drummer. Let's go fishing and catch catfish, while we're waiting.

Nug. [Aside.] Well, he wont go and so I guess I'll have to humor him. He may fall asleep pretty soon and then I can give him the shake. Oh! these young men have no idea how much trouble they cause we poor girls when they wont take a hint and give the preferred fellow a chance. [Aloud.] Come on Alphonse and while I fish you may skirmish for bait. [Exit Nug and Al. Pet enters mill and looks out window.]

Pet. I wish Mr. O'Brady would come and take me from this lonely place, with all its shadows and dreariness. The noise of the waters as they rush over the great dam in the distance comes as a warning and fills me with apprehensions of approaching danger, which even the soft ripple of the current as it passes this old mill cannot allay. How like our own lives the river seems! The waters flow on happily until they encounter the harsh rugged walls placed in their way, that some person may profit by their work. When this barrier is reached a struggle ensues in which the successful rise to the top and escape over the dam roaring in exultation at their freedom, while the weaker find themselves confined to the dark cheerless mill race compelled to stand or move on at the bidding of the hand that opens and closes the flood gate; and rejoicing that they are permitted to move on in the direction of their more favored companions even though the journey is fraught with endless hardships and oppressions. I do wish that I could see my little brother and kind friends before I go, and might tell them of my plight and its cause. Hark! I hear voices! What if they should be tramps? [Enter Tom and Tad disguised.]

Tad. I say Tom, won't you be afraid when it's pitch dark?

Tom. Well you know I'll not be skeered for myself, but I may feel a little ticklish for you, 'cause you'r such a little fellow, and the woods is full of tramps and dynamiters and animals and—

Tad. Hush! I hear something. [Sees Pet.] I believe it's a ghost! [Pet overturns a board.]

Tom. Tad, did you hear it breathe?

It's mocking us and I'll bet it's going to kill us. [Enters O'B.]

O'B. Now the way is clear for my departure wid the darlints. I wonder if the'r any other females in this section who want to put themselves under O'Brady's protection. What's this, have ye started a camp meeting?

Pet. Save me from these two men!

Tad. I say, Tom, you weren't skeered of a girl was you?

Tom. Well I should say not! I was just seeing how you took it!

O'B. Well now Pet, if you'r ready we'll hunt up Nug and depart for the city. This locality is no longer wholesome for me.

Tad. You'r not goin' to elope with my sister are you?

O'B. Well not exactly! Ye see the young lady has decided to travel and I go along to look after her baggage and wellfare in general. I wonder where Nug is?

Pet. Yes, dear brother, I am about to run away and go to the city so that Mr. (Grinder cannot find me. It nearly breaks

my heart to leave you, but I would rather die than go to the poor house. Mr. O'Brady will take care of me until I reach the end of my journey.

Tad. I want to go to the city too! I could black boots and steal dogs and run errands and make an honest living like Shor-ty Simpkins did.

Pet. No, Tad! You must stay at home and be a good honest boy. You are living with kind people and ought to be happy. Now promise me that you'll always be good and every night repeat the prayer our dead mother taught us, and as soon as it is safe I will come back to you.

Tad. I want to sing our little song again, it will help me to be good when you are far away.

O'B. I can't stay here without making a booby of myself, and so I'll go outside and see if a little fresh air will soften the big lump that's sticking in my throat.

Tom. I don't want you to go away and leave us. You stay here and if Grinder tries to place you in the poor house I'll get the gang and well put a head on him every day.

Pet. Oh what was that strange noise? I hear an awful roaring and something warns me of approaching danger.

Tad. I believe the great dam has broken! Let's go out on the platform and see if the water is coming. [Tad goes out rear door which closes and fastens. Pet and Tom try to open it.] It's coming and the waves are awful high! Quick, let me in!

Tom. What's to be done, I can't budge the door.

Pet. Help! help! My little brother will be lost!

O'B. What can be the matter? Pet's voice calling for help! Merciful heavens, what do I see! A fearful flood carrying every thing before it. [Approach to mill falls.] It sweeps away the approach to the mill and nothing can now save the children. [Crowd rushes on.] Will the old mill stand the shock? No, it trembles like a leaf—it commences to move. God help them! [Exit O'B. Grinder appears.]

Grind. Oh, save the poor children!

Nug. There it goes! Come Alphonse we'll save 'em or perish in the attempt!

Bangs. Under the floor of that mill were secreted valuable papers which Grinder would have given a fortune for had he known of their existence.

Grind. Arrest that man; he's a fugitive from justice! [Dick whispers to Bangs.]

Bangs. And I say, arrest that man for causing the destruction of the Millford dam and no doubt causing great loss of life.

Grinder. Don't believe him! What proof have you that such a vagabond will tell the truth?

Dick. De word of an honest colored tourist, who seed Mr. Grinder take something and put it in a glass jar and den lower it carefully into be water jess above de dam. He thought no



one heard him swear, but disingah cotehed him saying "dam a night would bust any dam," and he was pretty [damn] nenth right. He sneaked away and I jess waited 'round dar for de velopment'. I got e'm pretty soon and you ought'er have seed things move! De dam just lit right out and so did I, and dat's all dar is of it.

Bug. They'r all downed and I guess the schoolmaster is also gone.

O B. I'll beg lave to differ wid ye on that point! Ye see the old mill was a strong one and floated like a cork. My boat reached the building just as it caught on the large rocks. I managed to get Pet and Tom and brought them to shore, but the shock knocked poor little Tad into the water and he immediately disappeared. [Nug enters.]

Nug. Tad came to the surface near the ruins of the old abutment and by going out on it and reaching him a pole I pulled him out.

Tad. Yes, and I nearly pulled her in. Here comes Alphonse! Wonder who he saved?

Al. I'm a hero too! While I was standing on the bank I saw a large dark object a bobbing up and down in the water. I reached out my fish pole and caught it with my new hook. Here it is. [Hauls in pole and line with slipper attached.]

Bangs. Now that they are safe I charge Grinder with having cheated Pet ann Tad out of their estate. I was a respected man until that villain got me into his clutches and drove me out into the world. [Pulls off whiskers.] Do you know me?

Al. Jim Dalton!

Bangs. Yes, Jim Dalton! Henceforth an honest man, come what may! Grinder took advantage of a drunken spree of mine and persuaded me to forge the name of Pet's father to a note. Having me in his power I was compelled to prepare fraudulent deeds to replace those in Mr. Damon's safe, I having free access to it. I proved a more apt scholar than that villain calculated on and the papers I turned over to him to destroy were like those left in the safe—forgeries. The real deeds were secreted in the mill by me.

Grind. He's a confessed forger and now wants to make a point on papers which never existed.

Tad. I found these papers when the mill broke away and wrote my name on 'em and put the lot into my pocket so that when my body should be found it could be sent back and you'd have a boss funeral. Are these what you want?

Bangs. The very papers. And here's one showing that Nug is heirress to the property in Grinder's possession prior to his acquisition of the Damon estate, left her by Walter Grinder who died in California and entrusted that villain, his brother, with the guardianship of his orphan child.

Nug. Owing to our changes in fortune the tourists will delay their trip to the city, and Miss Nug will not appear in the arana this season; neither will Mr. O'Brady be compelled to teach school any more, and Alphonse and all of you will always find a warm welcome at the castle of Grinder's Kid.

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